

R.D.W.
Leavy, Greave,
Sheffield, Sept. 12, 1846.

My dear Webb: ^{Wednesday}

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On Thursday, I left London for Leeds and Wortley, expressly to see Joseph Barker. It was a long distance to ride, but I would cheerfully have gone five times as far, rather than to have missed the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with such a man. I found him in his quiet home, for he had written to me that he was at leisure, and longed to embrace me. Of course, we had much to say to each other, and something of each other; and each of us being ready and rapid in conversation, a great deal of information was mutually given and received. In the evening, a considerable number of choice spirits, of both sexes, came together at his house, and we had a highly interesting interview, which lasted till a late hour. — The next morning, I took a survey of his premises, went into his printing-office, set some types just to see how natural it seemed, examined his steam power-press which he has recently had presented to him, ~~and so~~ It is, you know, his desire and aim to effect a revolution in this country, in regard to cheap literature; and I trust the friends of the people, especially of the labouring classes, who have few or no books of any kind, will assist him in every way in their power. I got Joseph to collect such books and tracts as had been written by him, and put them into a bundle; and when he had done so, I was really astonished at the multitude of his pro-

ductions. It is almost a miracle of talent and perseverance for one to have performed, one who has had no advantages of education, and who at one time was literally a street beggar. He is really a great thinker — has a far reaching and comprehensive mind — is possessed of a gloriously free spirit — and writes with astonishing ease and copiousness, as well as remarkable good sense. I venerate such a man. All the popular great men of the day are pigmies, in contrast with him. He will be an anti-slavery auxiliary, of no small value. I almost felt sad in bidding him farewell.

We dined with Joseph Lupton, of Leeds, where we had a cordial reception, and had a few more friends to be added to my list. On Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, I took the cars for Sheffield, and in the evening arrived at the beautiful and quiet retreat, occupied by those noble women, Mary and Rebecca Brady, (who, en passant, desire me to solicit you to make them a visit, and to give you their kind remembrances — for they entertain a high opinion of you, as who does not?) I found a circle already assembled to welcome me, (chiefly young Friends,) and I need not add, our time went off both rapidly and pleasantly.

Yesterday forenoon, I went to various places with James Wall, a very worthy and respectable Friend, and dined at his pleasant residence, in company with a few individuals. Our public meeting was to be in the evening, at the Friends' meeting-house; but the hour for holding it had nearly expired, without the appearance of Frederick Douglass, who was to have been with

13 Am great meeting at 10 o'clock shall be on Monday evening next
us from Carlisle and Shields (where he had been lecturing) at a much earlier period in the day. The name of George Thompson, too, had been put upon our placards, and he also "came up among the missing" — but he made no positive pledge that he would come. At last, Frederick made his appearance. I did not anticipate either a large or spirited meeting — for I was quite weary in body, and Frederick was still more so. Besides, I was told that Sheffield was a place that at no time had manifested an anti-slavery spirit, during the struggle for West India emancipation; — and, moreover, there happened to be, last evening, a concert given by Grisi, Lablache, &c., which put a formidable rival into the field against us, at least as affecting certain classes. But, to the result. The Friends' spacious meeting-house was crowded to overflowing — the aisles deeply filled by persons standing from seven to nearly eleven o'clock — and hundreds unable to gain admittance. It was a most animating spectacle, and a more delightful meeting I have not yet seen in England. Every thing went off very happily. Edward Smith was in the chair, and spoke very kindly in regard to Frederick and myself. F. D. sold, on the spot, a considerable number of his Narrative. James Montgomery, the poet, was present, and was evidently most deeply affected. I made a direct appeal to him, in my speech, to write a poetical effusion, expressly with reference to American slavery — and the audience applauded "to the echo." He is, at present, in poor health; but I trust he will act upon the hint I gave him. This (Saturday) morning, we are to have a large party to breakfast, and in the afternoon, F. D. and myself will return to London. Love to your dear wife, H. C. Wright, Thomas and his wife — et al.
Faithfully yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

SEP 3 46



Richard D. Webb,
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HEXFIELD
SEP 12 46



13 York Row, with me this morning. -
He came due to some meeting, last evening, from Leeds.